

## THE LONDON TRIP SONG: An Epic in Twenty-One Verses

Inspired, composed, arranged and performed by U.W.C.B. (University of Wisconsin-Great Britain). Premiere production by the Swinerton Swingers on January 20, 1970, in the Grand Ballroom of the St. Margaret Hotel in London. Second performance by popular request at the Unicorn Pub on January 22, 1970, in commemoration of E. Nelson Swinerton's transformation into a British gentleman. Third performance, at no one's request, somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean at an undetermined time on January 24, 1970. The acoustics in Swissair Concert Hall 2162 left a great deal to be desired, so UWGB herewith submits The London Trip Song to interested members of the group ....

(TO THE TUNE OF "ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY")

1. Let's sing of old London  
And places we've seen,  
Of people we met there  
From peasant to queen.
2. There were tubes, ale, and trifles,  
Tea came in small cups  
And each weekday morning  
We all got knocked up.
3. We found while unpacking  
There were things we'd forgot,  
Like soap and a washcloth  
And Charmin and Scott.
4. When we had a problem  
We'd take it to Al;  
He never would solve it,  
But he's a great pal.
5. Oh dear Dr. Prange,  
Purveyor of pills,  
No matter what ailed you,  
He'd cure all your ills.
6. While wandering Soho,  
Those fleshpots of sin,  
Who did we encounter?  
Why, Lyle Iverson!
7. The painter Prevetti,  
A museum hound,  
From Victoria and Albert  
To Tate he was bound.
8. E'sprit Continentale  
Has lovely Elaine;  
She got high in Paris,  
But not on champagne.
9. Our expert on drinking  
Sir Thomas Goodale  
He's always at leisure  
And quaffing the ale.
10. It's time to stop drinking  
Bill Kuepper declares,  
As he gently chases  
The students upstairs.
11. Our students collected  
a photo or two ....  
For five pounds of blackmail  
Kaye Noe's will do.
12. From gambling in Soho  
To Paris can-cans,  
Our in-touriste guide  
Is red-eyed Bob Lanz.
13. When Dr. Fontera  
At last joined our crowd,  
The parties got longer,  
The singing got loud.
14. We eat beans for breakfast  
And Wimpys at night,  
Warm ale with our lunches,  
High tea's a delight.
15. I learned to my sorrow  
That sleeping's a sin ...  
The question tomorrow:  
Where the hell have you been?
16. Don't cough in the lecture,  
Don't get lost underground,  
Don't spend all your shillings  
But do get around.

THE LONDON TRIP SONG, CONTINUED ...

17. We found that our schedule  
Was terribly tight,  
And so were the students,  
By ten every night.
18. I asked a tall bobby,  
"Is this London town?"  
He said, "You're in Stratford;  
The buses broke down."
19. I got lost in Scotland,  
I got gypped in France,  
I was late for a lecture,  
And didn't have a chance.
20. We broadcast to Green Bay,  
They weren't too cool;  
They accused us of loafing,  
Disgracing the school.
21. (SWITCH TO TUNE OF "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" ...  
OR "MY COUNTRY TIS OF THEE," DEPENDING UPON  
TASTE AND/OR NATIONALITY)

God bless our Swinerton,  
Who's now an Englishman,  
Let bowlers reign.  
Raise your umbrellas high,  
let Union Jacks fly,  
Next January we will try  
To go back again.